



LINCOLN  
CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION  
ADDRESSES  
AND  
MEMORIAL EXERCISES

—  
MCMXV



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# ADDRESSES

*Delivered  
At The  
Celebration of*

THE ONE HUNDRED  
AND SIXTH  
ANNIVERSARY

*of the birth of*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE  
*Lincoln Centennial Association*

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*At The*  
State Armoury, in Springfield,  
Illinois, on the *twelfth day*  
*of February*, nineteen hundred  
and fifteen.

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SPRINGFIELD  
*Printed for the Association*

# *The Lincoln Centennial Association*

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*Incorporated under the Laws of Illinois*

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OBJECT: *“To properly observe the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln; to preserve to posterity the memory of his words and works, and to stimulate the patriotism of the youth of the land by appropriate annual exercises.”*

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## INCORPORATORS

The Honorable MELVILLE W. FULLER\*

The Honorable SHELBY M. CULLOM\*

The Honorable ALBERT J. HOPKINS

The Honorable JOSEPH G. CANNON

The Honorable ADLAI E. STEVENSON\*

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Mr. JOHN W. BUNN  
Mr. MELVILLE E. STONE  
Mr. HORACE WHITE

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\*Deceased.

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President, J OTIS HUMPHREY  
Vice-President, JOHN W. BUNN  
Treasurer, J. H. HOLBROOK  
Secretary, PHILIP BARTON WARREN

# Speakers *at* Former Celebrations

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THE Right Honorable James Bryce, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Great Britain; the Honorable J. J. Jusserand, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the French Republic; the late Jonathan P. Dolliver, former United States Senator for Iowa; the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, former Secretary of State; the Honorable Charles S. Deneen, former Governor of Illinois; Dr. Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute; the Honorable William Howard Taft, former President of the United States; the Honorable Martin W. Littleton, former member of Con-



gress from New York; the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator from Massachusetts; the Honorable Frank B. Willis, member of Congress from Ohio; Count J. Von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to the United States; the Honorable Joseph W. Bailey, former United States Senator from Texas; Honorable Edward F. Dunne, Governor of Illinois; The Most Reverend Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis; Mr. Gutzon Borglum of New York; The Right Reverend Samuel Fallows of Chicago.





Governor Edward F. Dunne, *The*  
Toastmaster of the Occasion  
*made the following*

## Introductory Remarks



THE Lincoln Centennial Association has but one mission and object—to perpetuate and do honor to the memory of the greatest of Illinoisans and one of the greatest of Americans, the immortal Lincoln.

With that end in view, each year since its organization it has gathered around its banquet board the greatest of living men, who have deemed it an honor to be invited to

discuss the life, the virtues and the accomplishments of the great Emancipator. Presidents, Foreign Ambassadors, Senators, Orators, Poets and Divines have, around this board and in this hall, honored the Association and themselves by paying tribute to the man whose name and fame are honored and beloved in every nation and in every clime on the civilized earth.

With the same object in view, we are again gathered tonight. We Illinoisans are proud of the history and progress of this great State.

We are proud that it was on the soil of Illinois that the gentle Pere Marquette made most of his important discoveries and planted the cross of Christianity in 1673, his mission being one for the salvation of souls and not the subjugation of the bodies of men.

We are proud of the achievements which LaSalle and Joliet, Tonti and Hennepin accomplished on Illinois soil.

We are proud of the fact that the hardy pioneers who dwelt in the wilderness around Kaskaskia, in what is now the State of Illinois, anticipated, in 1771, the demands of the colonists in Massachusetts, New York, Virginia and the rest of the thirteen colonies when they repudiated Lord Dartmouth's "Sketch of Government for Illinois" as "oppressive and absurd", and declared: "Should a government so evidently tyrannical be established, it could be of no duration. There would exist the necessity of its being abolished". This declaration of independence antedates that of 1776 in Philadelphia by five years.

We are proud of the fact that on Illinois soil took place, on July 4, 1778, the struggle

resulting in the capture from the English by George Rogers Clark of the fort of Kaskaskia, which wrested forever from the British Crown all of the territory west of Pennsylvania lying between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

We are proud of the fact that it was on the soil of Illinois that its two intellectual giants argued out before the people, sitting as a jury, the greatest moral issue that this country has ever faced—the issue as to whether this country could long endure as a republic with human slavery legally enforced in one part of it, and legally prohibited in another.

We are proud of the fact that that great issue, as the result of that great debate, was finally settled right in the awful arbitrament of war under the leadership of the great Commander furnished by Illinois in the nation's crisis, backed by the valor of 121,000 of the sons of Illinois.

We are proud of the place that Illinois has taken within the first century of its existence as a State among the States of the Union.

We are proud today that the comparatively young State of Illinois has distanced all of her sisters, excepting two, in population, wealth, manufacture and political importance; that she stands first in agricultural wealth, first in the fertility of her soil, and first in railway development, and when we have opened up a waterway over the sixty miles of rock between Joliet and LaSalle and thus given to the people of the Mississippi Valley a continuous commercial waterway from Buffalo, New York, and Duluth, Minnesota, to the Gulf of Mexico, we will be proud to boast of Illinois as the premier State of the Union in commercial importance.

But above and beyond all, the State of Illinois is proud of the fact that she gave to the

nation and to the world Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator.

Four men who have reached the Presidency of this great Republic stand out among the fellow Presidents as Titanic figures in American history—

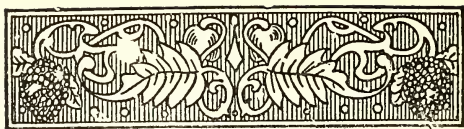
Washington, the ideal patriot;

Jefferson, the ideal statesman;

Jackson, the ideal citizen-soldier; and

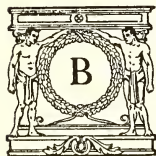
Lincoln, the ideal humanitarian.

To honor the last but not least of these, we are gathered here tonight. It does not rest with me in my feeble words to do this appropriately. Other men are better qualified. It is my pleasure now to present to this splendid audience the first speaker, the Most Reverend Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis.



# Lincoln: The Man and The Democrat

*The Address Delivered by the  
Most Reverend Archbishop GLENNON  
of St. Louis*



ALMES, the Spanish writer says: "The mysterious hand which governs the universe seems to hold for every crisis an extraordinary man. At the proper moment this man presents himself. He advances, himself ignorant whither he is going; but he advances with a firm step towards the accomplishment of the high mission for which Providence has destined him."



Fifty-five years ago our country was in the throes of a fiery agitation. North and South and the border land of the West were all aflame. The South claimed a right to manage its own affairs—home rule—state rights—the right of a free people to their altars and their homes—their traditions, usages and laws. The North demanded that the Constitution which the Fathers fought for—the Union which the States contracted into the government which stood for peace and progress and liberty that it should remain. For years the pulpit and platform rang with the contending claims, with the conflicting factions; but now men no longer argued, reason had given way to passion, everywhere portents appeared of the gathering storm, denunciations and maledictions filled the air, alarms rang throughout country, brave hearts paled before the coming storm.

In the minds of many the end had come, not for the world, but for the world's most precious treasure, namely, this government founded on the free consent of a free people. It looked as if the Fathers had fought in vain—vain their struggles and prayers and prophecies. Free government was a failure. Dreamed of—yearned for through all the ages, now when put to the test, the experiment appeared to result in failure—a free people would put away from them the free government that was theirs so long.

There was joy in Europe. They saw in the downfall of freedom here an argument for their own governments which were not free. The failure of democracy here strengthened their tyranny. Claiming that theology and philosophy were already on their side, they now could add that all our claims and preten-

tions and experiments but commenced in crime and ended in failure.

Many of the Southern States constituting the Union were already in open revolt. The arms and forts of the Union within their territories they seized; and defended the seizure under the pretext of State rights and State sovereignty. The property of the Government they claimed did not belong to the Union, but to them. So seizing what they could, they sought in confederation the destruction of the Union to which they heretofore belonged.

In the foreground the conflict appeared to be as between the sovereign state and the sovereignty of the United States. Was the State which freely entered the Union equally free to leave? This, I say, was in the foreground; but back of it there was another, and the really efficient cause of all the turmoil. A deadly disease which, like all diseases,

sought expansion. This disease became an obsession—its defense, because it involved property rights, became a passion. Slavery—human slavery—existed in the South; and right or wrong, the South was going to maintain it.

The crisis had come at last. On the one side, State rights and slavery—on the other, the Union and liberty; and war, and civil war, was apparently its only solution.

Many of us, especially of late, have been preaching that the war among civilized men is never a necessity, is always, at least for one of the parties, a crime. We have abolished the duel, and compelled men to submit their differences, even their honor (sometimes a very intangible thing) to a tribunal for adjudication and vindication. And as with individuals, we have held and thought that the rights of nations, even national honor, do not

grade higher than those of individuals; and should consequently be submitted to a properly ordered court for settlement. And we were the more convinced that this is right ordering, since we furthermore know that war, as with the duel, did not make decision according to the principles of justice, but that the stronger conquers—might becoming right, and justice being cast to the winds.

Yet, however reasonable, however humane be the ideas of the pacifist, it does appear (at least if we look to the fearful cataclysm that engulfs Europe) as if his ideas were too academic; or that the humanity of our day is not prepared for the broader, brighter vision of international peace.

And so peace was at a discount here in 1860 and the opening days of 1861. There was no common ground on which both parties could stand. There was no court of arbitration to

which they could appeal. There was, in fact, no desire to seek a peaceful solution. Neither side would or could yield; and the sad arbitrament of war was the only remaining solution.

And now from out the West there comes to the President's chair the one who will face this crisis and end it. Trained in no school of diplomacy, knowing little, and caring less, for the ways of courts or courtiers, Abraham Lincoln grew as grew this pioneer country of the West where he was born and where he lived. The babbling brook—the forest primeval—the open prairie below at his feet, and the open sky above his head—these constituted the university where he studied. Near to nature, listening to its voices, learning its lessons, he grew in physical strength—in mental grasp—in clarity of vision and independence of spirit.

Have you noticed, gentlemen, that of those

who by their strength of will or intellect have best ruled the nations and swayed humanity, nearly all came clad not with the city's dissipations but with the panoply and power of their home in the country?

Abraham Lincoln was not an angel—he was a living man; tall and lank and gnarled as the oak tree of the forest, he had all its strength—its spirit of endurance—its power of resistance. Abraham Lincoln was a man with a heart as tender as a woman's, which responded to human sorrow, which vibrated with sympathy; and the expression of which would be more featured in his life work were it not his commanding will and splendid intellect, consecrated to the purposes and principles of justice and liberty, compelled these emotions of his heart to yield to the sterner duties of his life mission.

Abraham Lincoln took his oath of office as

President of the United States, March 4, 1861. In that oath of office was a solemn asseveration that he would preserve the Union. In his inaugural address he pleads with those who would separate from and disrupt the Union. He prays and hopes that even still they may return. He does not want the question of slavery to stand in the way. As President, he does not feel that he has to stand opposed to slavery; but the Union must and shall remain. If all argument fails and resort must be made to arms, the Union will at all costs be defended—the rebellion must at all costs be crushed.

The inaugural address was scarcely delivered when the Southern response thereto was given. It was one of open defiance. So the call to arms was given and the soldiers of Union marched to its defense. Lincoln, the big-hearted, generous and humane, was opposed to war. The shedding of blood was to



him a tragedy. It was only the sacredness of the cause—it was only the oath of his office—it was only the will to do right as God had given him to see it—it was only that the work of the Fathers for America and humanity should not be lost, that constrained and sustained him in those dark days. With strong men sorrow is not measured by tears; nor are its depths expressed by loudest declamation. We have no record that Lincoln shed a tear; but we know his heart bled as he saw the brave men go out at his command to return no more. We know that the news from the battle fields of Gettysburg and Antietam and the Wilderness rose before him as a blood red vision, which, if he had listened to his heart alone would have completely overpowered him; he knew however blamed or blameless it was, after all, a war of brother against brother.

We have little written as a record of these sorrows; but if we read between the lines of his great speech at Gettysburg, we should find a threnody of tears and regrets as profound and as feelingly expressed as ever came from the pen of Jeremiah or the broken heart of Rachel.

The war was inaugurated to preserve the Union; it was completed by freeing the slave. At its beginning the President thought only of the Union and its defense; but Lincoln, the man, long before he was President, dreamt of and struggled for the destruction of slavery. The difficult problem of construing State and National rights—the exigencies of politics and parties, all tended to keep in the background that which was in reality the dominant cause for the war. Hence, in its progress when the opportune time came it was with a sacrosanct sense of obligation to humanity and God that President Lincoln proclaimed that

none should henceforth wear the chains of slavery. And with this, his final purpose, the great war was pressed on to its conclusion. And at its conclusion two things, established largely by the genius of Lincoln, were achieved: The Union was preserved and slavery abolished; and to crown them both, and to prove fidelity to his trust and to the humanity that he served and the country that he loved, he gave as a last test of his devotion—his life.

With Lincoln's death the war was practically ended. There remained for many years the bitterest feelings on the part of the conquered. They sat by the ashes of ruined homes and proclaimed themselves victims of the bloodiest and cruelest war that history records. They folded their conquered banner and vowed that though they had to surrender, they would never forget.

Had Lincoln lived, it would not have been so; at least, the defeats would not have been so bitter; nor the memories so poignant. For Lincoln would have striven to take from Southern defeat its bitterness. He said at the close of his second inaugural address, a month before he died: "Let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

However this and whatever may have been the bitterness of these days, we are glad to feel now that the war is over. We know now that it was not the Southern States, but slavery that was conquered—that it was not the Northern States, but humanity that was victorious; and hence, today, wherever our sympathies may be,

we can join in recounting again the triumph that Lincoln achieved and the triple crowned democracy that he proclaimed on that field of Gettysburg. He dedicated himself to the purpose that this nation should remain democratic in its origin, since it is "of the people"; democratic in its purpose, namely, "for the people"; democratic in its methods, namely, "by the people".

One would think that the war being ended all thought of slavery's perpetuation would be impossible—that equal rights to all citizens would become the gospel and a law to be preached and practiced by all. I believe it is so; and yet there are some few in number but noisy and perniciously active, who preach a different gospel, who play a different role from that of Lincoln. They are not satisfied to accord equal right to their fellow citizens. They differ from the slave owners of the South, in

that they would proscribe human beings and deny them the rights of citizenship, preaching proscription and disfranchisement, not because of color, but because of the religious convictions of their would-be victims. And then, this further difference between the slave holders of the sixties and our modern masters, that these latter want to introduce it among a free people; while they of the South received it as unfortunate heritage. As a case in point, I remember hearing once an impassioned attack on President Taft because he happened to be a Unitarian by faith—consequently as the orator declared not a true Christian and consequently unfitted to be President of the nation. Well, gentlemen, I think you will agree with me that such an attack was as contemptible as it was un-American. I care little what our late President's religious faith was. One thing I know is that it did not prevent him

from being one of truest and fairest minded men that ever occupied that august position.

As for us Catholics (and I think I can speak for many of them) we stand with you tonight with bowed heads by Lincoln's grave; but with brave hearts by Lincoln's side. We deplore his assassination as unpardonable crime. We are prepared, every one of us, to struggle as he did, to uphold what he upheld, to condemn what he condemned, and to yield rather to death than for one moment to be enchained by that foul demon of slavery.

We commemorate today the birth of Abraham Lincoln—we recall his life and deeds; and we take from his lips the message that he proclaimed; and from his dead hands the standard that he defended. Solemn, indeed, is this assumption—sacred, beyond measure, these duties. To fit ourselves for this task, perhaps no better form of consecration could

be pronounced than that made by Lincoln himself upon the battlefield where he spoke—the field of Gettysburg. After referring in precious words to those who were gathered there, the men who fought and fell; but who now in Lincoln's words consecrated the ground where they rested. "They will not be forgotten", he said; "and by their deeds they have already consecrated that cemetery". "It is for us", he said, "the living rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on—for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us."

The task that Lincoln would be consecrated to is a task that remains for us also unfinished. The war is over; but the struggle for human rights remains and will remain. It is the burden still of our legislature. It is the ambition of the reformer. It is the great work for those



who have the nation's welfare at heart. "This nation", says Lincoln, "shall have a new birth of freedom". Lately our esteemed President proclaimed the gospel of the newer freedom; and while we may doubt whether in principle he has outgrown the freedom preached by Lincoln, yet in fact it is proper and meet that each succeeding government may still advance the bounds of freedom until all humanity shall be drawn within its boundaries.

To Abraham Lincoln the man with a heart and a will and a purpose—to Lincoln the President, saviour of the Union—destroyer of slavery, we turn tonight in kindest memory, looking down to where his mortal remains rest in this, the State of his adoption; but looking up to that spirit, which, with the immortal Father of Our Country, shall remain for all time our peoples' pride—the preserver of our nation—the friend of humanity; who serving it did also serve his God.



# The Beauty of Lincoln and His Place in Art

GUTZON BORGLUM

*Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*



HEN I look upon this vast gathering, in this great hall, and have listened to our Archbishop, I feel very much inclined to say  
“My Country for such a voice.”

It isn't an artist's business to talk about his work. It is his business to produce his work, and it must speak for itself. Unlike the Archbishop, I know why I am here tonight; the time has come when the people of America are seriously thinking about interpreting the

character rather than merely presenting in effigy their great men, and it is known that I have made such a study of Abraham Lincoln.

The world—and I address YOU—feels, and naturally, that artists approach life rather differently from yourselves, a feeling due more or less to false traditions. There is no greater mistake, and there is nothing that keeps the great lay body of humanity from the proper enjoyment of art, the proper interpretation of their own ideas, more than this artificial barrier, this misunderstanding.

In order to bring us a little closer together, and to get back to the primary impulses that make us what we are, I am going to repeat a little concept that occurred to me today, and to which I gave expression at the Art Society, and ask you for a moment to consider the very beginning of things; to take as our simile Adam and Eve, the first man and the first

woman, after the six days of world creation. We will not consider whether we care for that fable or not. There was a time in the history of men when we began practically without the ability of prattling a single word. We couldn't hum a melody. Adam couldn't even say "Good morning" to Eve. He was without conception of anything. He hardly felt the pangs of hunger or the need for shelter, the emotions that preserved life, the desires that led to love, to home, to the building of the family, the building of the tribe, the making of laws. Then, gradually, in the beginning, we developed our grunt into language, our language into rhythm; our desires and our story found voice and melody, design, color, and form. Those of us who had more zeal invented the languages; longing, joys, and griefs were given a name, the great social foundation of the Arts was rooted, the heart-

beat and ache of the world expressed itself. The root of all of it is desire, social longing, and out of this come the fine or social arts; and an artist is simply a man whose heart beats a little quicker than those of the rest of you. It is because he gathers a little more of the struggles, of pathos, of sweetness, of desires, that come to man during the twenty-four hours; and he must express it, he must write it, he must sing it, he must paint it, he must model it.

Nature provides the great animated world with three definite impulses,—the desire for food, the desire for shelter, the desire to mate; that is, the desire to live, the desire to protect life, the desire to continue life. The need for food and shelter is the root of all agriculture, building, commerce and banking; the desire to continue to live, and the emotions that develop out of longing for life—mating—immortality—are the source of æsthetics, the

source of all that is civil in our social organization, the source and the mother of all the fine or beautiful arts.

I have given you this little story simply to get nearer to you and to get you nearer to me. Nor should we forget when death came into the world, how precious life became, and how dear all our attachments, our experiences, our virtues, grew, and how we prized men who picked from the common doings of the day all these finer qualities, built them into actions, built them into creeds, formulated laws and founded nations, and lifted the world out of its savagery into the civilization we have today.

And so the time has come when the simple effigy in brass and stone no longer answers, no longer fits the meaning of a life, no longer includes all our great mean to us. What do we today care of Lincoln's six feet four, or whether Napoleon was five feet one or two, or

that Sheridan weighed a hundred and twenty pounds and was thirty-three when he cut Lee to pieces in ten days and forced him to surrender at Appomattox? These physical facts don't matter. There was something there, in that little body, that Lee's army had to heed, had to obey; that something we found in Abraham Lincoln, and all America began to take notice of it; there was a steel conscience in Lincoln the evil of the day feared. There was a character, there was an integrity, that all humanity has come to reverence, and it is that fine quality of character that is worth memorializing. It is the product of that character that makes us a whole nation and unites us here tonight. It is that character that draws from such men as the Archbishop eulogies such as we have listened to tonight; and if you are going to build monuments that you will care anything about a week

after they are up, you have got to put something into them besides brass and stone.

Think of what you have in Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky, at five or six carried to Indiana. Before he was nine his mother, still remembered in endearing terms as Nancy Hanks, died. At nine years old that boy was so alive to the values of things that later he said: "All I am and expect to be I owe to her". They lived in a shack hardly fit for a dog. What kind of a bed? I do not require much imagination to see leaves and corn shucks as bedding. Were there any doors or windows, any dining room, or kitchen supplies? The story runs that the little boy helped his father build his mother's coffin. You men do not have to use much imagination to know that Tom Lincoln had no boards, nor nails, nor have you got to think very much to see what kind of a bundle they perforce made of their dead.



They carried her, the father and the nine-year-old boy, to the top of the hill; buried her; covered that opening with stones so that the animals wouldn't touch her; and that little kid kept vigil for six or seven months, so the story runs, waiting for some preacher man to come along and say a prayer over mother, "Nancy Hanks".

We know that he later went to Illinois, and followed the course of most strong, independent, boys; fought his way, worked his way, on up and up in esteem and usefulness in his State. We do not need to tarry here. You all know this so much better than I do; but he went through all the experiences of a man who is constantly lifting himself into a higher and better and broader outlook all the time. Finally, at about 50, he defeated his great antagonist, and became President.

I have nearly used up my time, yet want to

tell you a little more about America's position in Art, and it will be a very brief story. Here we are, a nation of about five hundred years of age, free men, insurgents, runaways from the tired, fretted, old Europe; adventurers, every mother's son of us; independents, seeking a new life, controlling a new world, building up a new nation, always with the one beacon light of freedom; freedom of conscience, freedom from political tyranny, and from the stain of slavery, which final touch Abraham Lincoln gave us. We may go back to Greece, go back to Italy, to the great periods of re-birth in the world, and remember what Symonds very beautifully said of the Renaissance, "a period when man discovered himself, and the world". In all their annals of heroic endeavor we do not find a story that can equal ours, a hundred thousand epics lived and relived a thousand thousand times; battles fought

out on a hundred frontiers on either one of the Americas; and hardly an echo of that has gotten into our literature, none of it into our song, and yet nothing of it into our sculpture to make a single building immortal. Amazing as it is, there is not a building in the United States today that carries the story of its state, involving the characters in its history, or the principles upon which it was built; not a single one; and we are spending millions upon millions for our monuments, and most of them amount to nothing. There are a dozen letters, yes, a hundred letters, of Lincoln's that are so vital, so human, that reflect so much my emotions and your emotions and all the principles that we work for, which will outlive all the monuments in this country unless you start soon and all over again. Why is it? Why is it the great lay body remains passive and inert? Where are our emotions? Where do

I get my impulses? There is nothing I can think, there is nothing I can feel, there is nothing I can see, that you do not see. There is nothing I can produce that you do not understand. The artist, poet, prophet, is only a few steps ahead of mankind. Get rid of contests in poetry, music, literature, in all the fine arts; ponder deeply upon the meaning of our civil and social activities, appeal to your artists and appeal to all that is big and fine and noble, and select them as you select other men, and tell them what you want. Don't tell them how to do it, give them a free hand to do what they feel.

Today in this country we are spending two millions of dollars for a Greek temple to be built in Washington to be called a monument to Abraham Lincoln. I was asked point blank the other day what I thought about that. I answered it this way: What would you think

of taking Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Bryan over to the Acropolis and putting them there in bronze? Of course the idea is grotesque and ridiculous; it is even more so to bring the Parthenon over here. Why is it that we borrow these old shells and leave the idea that they were created around on the other side? Temples were built, not as memorials, but to carry the sculptured story of the person or idea memorialized, and if you leave the story out what have you got? A contractor's job, so many thousands of feet of marble, meaningless, expressionless, lifeless, senseless, stone. If you haven't got the *story* there, then there is no memorial, you have not even the counterfeit, you have absolutely nothing.

Now, look again at Lincoln. I have talked now for over a half hour, and I have hardly touched upon the wonderful group of men he gathered round him. He selected everybody

and anybody who had the needed ability. I cannot separate Lincoln from a period of ten or twenty years preceding the war, or ten or twenty years succeeding the war. I cannot separate him from the Colonial period, in and out of which he was born, four years only after Alexander Hamilton died. He was seventeen years old before Jefferson and Adams died. He might have known both Jefferson and Adams. He comes strangely, and by some Almighty force wisely, right out of that Colonial period, but fortunately removed from its decaying and corrupt influence, and was elected out of that frontier. He grows up free and unacquainted with that corrupt Colonial life, a simple man built around a character which he erects in himself; and when the time comes he reaches out his long arms and he sets Buchanan's Colonialism and all its antiquity and weaknesses back;

closes that book, and sends it to the binder ; and that poor, tired old period replied with all the ugly names that men can lay their tongues to. No other man in our history was so vilified as was that good man. No man has been more ridiculed about his face, his figure, his manners. Yet there was never a kinder man, a more just man, and I ask of you could he have been all these things and not have some evidence of it in his face, his manners, in his general appearance? What is it that makes men admirable if it isn't their character? Lincoln had a head and a face—at least the right side of it—that was as fine and as classic as Seward's. It was almost Greek in its construction. I have never found a better head than his, and I have never seen a face that was so mature, so developed, in its use of his expression; and I say this after an exhaustive study of all photographs extant.

Now I am about through, and all I want to add is this: If you build a monument to Lincoln—and there is no other place his shrine should be erected than in Springfield, Illinois; there is no such sacred place in all this country for a shrine to that man as his old haunts here—if you build it, remember the splendid men back of him and about him—bring them into the story; remember the prophecy out of which he came, and remember the history which he introduced and into which he passed. Do not leave them out, I beg of you; surround him with the men who helped him save this Nation.







# Lincoln: The Height of America

*As Delivered by the Right Reverend*

Samuel Fallows



HERO worship is grounded in human nature. We want excellence embodied, ideas incarnated. Principles are grand, but principal personalities are infinitely grander.

We may think in the abstract, but we love in the concrete. We may throw a halo of self-created splendor about our hero, and idealize and well nigh divinize the departed great one, but it is simply the homage involuntarily paid

to the inherent dignity of our own being. It is the bringing out of the best that is within us. It is only letting fly the angel that waits with folded wings to be set free in the innermost sanctuary of every human soul.

History has been declared to be but the biography of great men, and an institution the lengthened shadow of a single man, for "every man is a cause, a country and an age".

About one such man, whose name is on our lips tonight, gather some of the most magnificent chapters in the annals of time.

Born in poverty and raised in obscurity, Lincoln proved, by his triumphant ascent, that circumstances are not the masters, but the servants of men. They are not the creators but the mere conditions of the all conquering mind.

Lincoln was emphatically the child of the people and the man of the people. Sprung

from their loins he was never separated from them by distance of official position. The simplicity and heartiness of his earlier life of the woods, the prairies and the river were never spoiled by the stiffness and formality of an imported court etiquette when he became President. No man among us ever captured so completely the popular imagination, and won so enthusiastically and enduringly the popular heart. Increasing millions in reverence bow at his feet.

“Character, the diamond that scratches every other stone”, was of the purest quality in him. Napoleon schooled his looks and discharged his face of expression that no man might read his thoughts. But our Lincoln needed no such veil over his rugged features to hide that honest soul, which he could so fearlessly throw open to the gaze of angels or of men.

Grant was the world's leader in war without uttering an oath and Lincoln, the world's leader of all leaders without practicing deceit. His honesty was so pure, so transparent, that friend and foe were compelled by the might of its irresistible majesty to bow before it.

“Shame was ashamed to sit upon his brow,  
For 'twas a throne where honor fair was crowned  
Sole monarch of the Universal world.”

With “Aristides the Just will go down through all the ages”, “Honest Old Abe”.

Hope, the prophet in every heart, was king and priest besides in his. It ruled his life and consecrated his deeds. Other men turned their backs in despair on the Republic's future; he, through densest darkness, saw with steadfast gaze the glory of the coming day.

To some of his contemporaries he was as a root of the dry ground, and there was no beauty that they should desire him. But if the

soul of a seraph dwelt in the form of a satyr in glorious old Socrates, in the ungainly figure of Lincoln dwelt the resplendent beauty of virtue unexcelled in living man before.

Many could not comprehend the blending of mirthfulness with the most serious thoughtfulness, the twin element of his innermost being, which, in alternate succession were seen in the play and repose of his face.

They forgot that "a sense of the ludicrous is always essential to prevent us from becoming ridiculous". Lincoln used this sense with rarest skill, and with the deepest reason.

And when the carping critics around him heard with ill concealed impatience on momentous occasions, what was to them as ill-timed story, they were simply blind to the profoundest philosophy of human nature, and the surpassing greatness of the man who was thus enabled to carry the superhuman load heaped

upon him, which else would have crushed out his very existence.

Lincoln had supreme self-reliance, "that iron string to which all hearts vibrate," and yet was not self-willed. Men used to talk of "masters in the cabinet", but all the masters there combined could not move that one master from his purpose, when he felt Duty was at stake.

It was of these minor things that he used playfully to say: "I have no influence with this administration".

In non-essential things he was as pliable as a reed, in essential things as immovable as the everlasting hills. Other men wree trying to hurry the march of progress, and demanding that the supreme action of his life should be taken. He said, "I wait on Providence and will not force events". He waited until the hour of high noon in American History had

struck and then, with one sweep of his pen, sent a whole race to Freedom and to Fortune.

He rose to the height of every occasion, and yet in doing so, it was easy to see "that half his strength be put not forth". He knew, while using every plea for peace, which human persuasiveness could prompt, that the Rebellion could not be put down with rose or lavender water. He knew it would not answer to use the rap of a kid-covered knuckle or the buttonhole touch of a super-annuated remonstrance as some desired, but the first of authority rimmed with iron.

And so we sang: "We dare not look behind us but steadfastly before. We are coming; we are coming, Father Abraham; our Union to restore one hundred thousand, three hundred thousand, six hundred thousand more". And we would have gone on singing if need be. "Still there's more to follow".

Politics with Lincoln was righteousness guided by common sense, and a politician lacking either can never become a statesman.

“He said: “I don’t want to waste any time in trying to massage the back of a political porcupine. It is as discouraging as trying to shovel fleas across a barnyard”.

He was impatient of the red tape which entangled a subject, so that it would be too long and complicated to be of any use to him. “When I send a man to buy a horse”, he said one day as he glanced at such a report, “I don’t wish him to tell me how many hairs he has in his tail; I wish to know only his points”.

Lincoln as a consummate statesman, had at least to call out nearly two hundred thousand blacks in blue, to make possible “the Union of the States forever”.

He said: “When we started to raise the first colored regiments you know there was a great



deal of adverse criticism, but I said to our people, 'As long as we are trying to get every able-bodied man down to the front to save the life of this nation, I guess we had better be a little color blind' ". He continued: "I think I can express my appreciation of what the black boys have done here, something after the fashion of an old-time Abolitionist in Chicago. Friends brought him in from the country and took him to see Forrest playing 'Othello'. He didn't know it was a white man blacked up, and when they got out he said, 'Well, all sectional prejudice aside, and making due allowance for my partiality for the race, blame me if I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em' ".

Lincoln further said: "There will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well poised bayonet, they have helped mankind

on to this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it”.

His daring action made an entire revision of the American Arithmetic in which one was to count one, whether the Southern planter on his broad, paternal acres or the dusky laborer who whitens his fields with the snow of the cotton harvest. Lincoln, who always glorified manhood and recognized fitness for place, could not forget his obligations to the colored people, whom we cannot consider as aliens among us. Our soldier President, General Grant, did not forget it; William McKinley, our great peace maker of blessed memory, did not forget it; Grover Cleveland, the Man of Iron Will, did not forget it; our strenuous President, Theodore Roosevelt, did not forget it; William H. Taft of gracious presence, did

not forget it; and we may be sure that the present President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, will not forget it.

Without compassing the realm of literature Lincoln yet went confessedly to the head of all masters of English expression and threw mere academic and classic diction in the shade.

In him the quality of mercy was not strained. It was the passion of his being to forgive and reinstate.

His gentleness lay at the heart of his greatness as it does at the heart of every great man. It was this conception of gentleness which made quaint George Herbert say of the greatest of all of woman born: "Christ was the first true gentleman that ever breathed".

Lincoln said: "I will not sign the death sentence of any man whose legs will not carry him in the direction his head doesn't want him to go".

It was written of his last message in one of the ablest English journals: "It is the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any President of the United States. Its Alpha and Omega is Almighty God, the God of Justice and the Father of Mercies who is working out the purposes of His love. It is invested with a dignity and a pathos which lift it high above everything of the kind in the Old World or in the New".

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all Nations".

My friends, in what more fitting language

can we consecrate ourselves to the momentous and undying work of the Republic? These words of Lincoln should be written in letters of gold and placed in the White House for every Administration to read and recognize:

“Freedom’s battle once begun  
Is bequeathed from sire to son.”

Some men said “Liberty with or without the Union”, but Abraham Lincoln said, “The Union with or without slavery”.

He was right and they were wrong. For he knew after that first shot on Sumter, that with the Union, slavery had nothing to hope and without it it had nothing to fear.

That grip of his on the Union was the grip of gravitation—the grip of death. Nay, it was the grip of life, never to be unloosed by the hand of either of Slavery or Secession.

In these days of conflict between Capital and Labor and between the upholders and

contemners of Law, the language of Lincoln is most timely:

“Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality. To the humblest and poorest among us are held out the highest privileges and positions. The present moment finds me at the White House, yet there is as good a chance for your children as there was for my father’s. Again I admonish you not to be turned from your stern purpose of defending our beloved country and its free institutions by any arguments urged by ambitious and designing men”.

“To save these institutions for our children, to keep these paths of privilege and preferment open to all, there must be no despotisms here, not even for beneficent ends. Working-men want no other weapons than liberty and light. By peaceful and orderly measures they will the more speedily and surely gain the ends

they seek; by any other measures they will undermine and shatter the civil structure which is the shelter and the defense of all that they hold dear”.

On the temperance question, Lincoln took a firm stand, when drinking was most common. He early chose the wise and safe position of total abstinence which he maintained through life.

In 1842, on Washington's birthday, he said in an admirable address before the Springfield Washington Temperance Society: “And when that victory shall be complete, when there shall neither be a slave nor a drunkard on earth, how proud the title of that land which can truly claim to be the birthplace and cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended on that victory”.

With regard to the rights of women, he said: “I go for all sharing the privileges of the

government who assist in bearing its burden, by no means excluding women”.

He uttered these noble words, concerning justice: “Before High Heaven and in the face of the whole world I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love”.

Much has been said about Mr. Lincoln’s relation to religion. But one thing is sure, he was neither an atheist nor an agnostic. He was as profound a believer in the power of prayer as the most orthodox Christian. His request for the prayers of his neighbors and friends as he left Springfield to assume the Presidency proved it.

His visit to General Sickles when this hero was wounded confirms it.

The General tells in his own graphic way the story of his interview with the President: “It was on the 5th day of July, 1863, that I



was brought to Washington on a stretcher from the field of Gettysburg. Hearing of my arrival President Lincoln came to my room and sat down by my bedside. He asked me about the great battle, and when I told him of the terrible slaughter the tears streamed from his eyes. I asked him if he had doubted the result. He said 'No'. Then he continued: 'This may seem strange to you, but a few days ago, when the opposing armies were converging I felt as never before my utter helplessness in the great crisis that was to come upon the country. I went into my own room and locked the door. Then I knelt down and prayed as I never did before. I told God that He had called me to this position; that I had done all that I could do, and that the result was now in His hands; that I felt my own weakness and lack of power, and that I knew that if the country was to be saved it was because

He so willed it. When I went down from my room, I felt that there could be no doubt of the issue. The burden seemed to have rolled off my shoulders, my intense anxiety was relieved, and in its place came a great sense of trustfulness, and that was why I did not doubt the result of Gettysburg'.

" 'And, what is more, Sickles', he continued, 'I believe that we may hear at any moment of a great success by Grant, who has been pegging away at Vicksburg for so many months. By tomorrow you will hear that he has won a victory as important to us in the West as Gettysburg is in the East'.

"Then turning to me, he said: 'Sickles, I am in a prophetic mood today, and I know that you will get well'.

"The doctors do not give me that hope, Mr. President, I said, but he answered me cheerfully, 'I know you will get well, Sickles' ".

General Sickles personally confirms the facts I have just mentioned.

It was his favorite utterance: "Have God on your side". More than once he said: "This is God's fight and He will win it in His own good time".

He declared with Daniel Webster, "It is not necessary to re-enact the laws of God; we must recognize them".

When an ardent admirer said to him: "Mr. President, I believe in God and Abraham Lincoln", the answer came quickly back: "My friend, you are more than half right".

The supreme mission of the Man of Galilee was reflected in the subordinate mission of Abraham Lincoln. For he could reverently say of the Father of the human soul: "He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound".

The most exquisite tribute to his glorious attributes was the wreath at his funeral sent from Boston by the sister of a soldier boy he had pardoned when condemned to death, for sleeping at his post. It was justly placed directly above that heart so cruelly stilled in death which beat only with love to mankind.

The very hem of Lincoln's garment is now a priceless relic. The out-of-style hat he wore is regarded more highly than the begemmed circlet which bedecks a monarch's brow. The splinter from the rail he split is worthy of the choicest adorning of richest gold.

If Milton could aver, "Scipio was the height of Rome", we can aver "Lincoln was the height of America". With James Russell Lowell, we can repeat:

"Nature, they say, doth dote,  
 And cannot make a man  
 Save on some worn-out plan,  
 Repeating us by rote:  
 For him her Old World mould aside she threw,  
 And, choosing sweetclay from the breast of the  
     unexhausted West.  
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new.  
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God and true.  
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
 But at last silence comes;  
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
 Our children shall behold his fame,  
 The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
 New birth of our new soil, the FIRST AMERICAN."

And yet I say to my comrades and companions of the Civil War it was divinely ordained that without the splendid galaxy of military and naval heroes that gathered about him, whom you represent, his unique position could not have been attained, nor his immortal work been performed.

His pen wrote the Emancipation Proclamation, but the swords of a Grant, a Sherman, a Sheridan, a Logan, a Thomas and other great leaders, of the mighty host of the boys in blue, re-wrote it, our cannon thundered it, our musketry echoed it, our bayonets punctuated it, and Appomattox put the final, irrevocable “Amen” of God and Man upon it.

But great as some of these men were, matchless as each of them was in his own sphere, they were but the superb setting of that priceless jewel in America’s keeping, the man she will ever love and revere—Abraham Lincoln.

He still lives. “For him all doors are flung wide; Him still all tongues greet, and honors crown; All eyes follow with desire”.

Through God’s good providence, he made the old prophecy of Ancient Israel true of our own nation: “Thou shalt also be a crown of

glory in the hand of the Lord and a Royal diadem in the hand of Thy God”.

Kentucky gave Lincoln birth, and cradled him in her arms. Indiana led him up into early boyhood, and Illinois then gave him to the world and threw open to him every avenue to honor and to immortality. Illinoisans may well be pardoned for singing:

“Not without thy wondrous story  
     Illinois, Illinois,  
 Could be writ the Nation’s glory  
     Illinois, Illinois.”

But we know that without the wondrous story of every loyal State of our undivided and indivisible Union, we could not truthfully apostrophize tonight our peerless, beloved country and say:

“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise  
 The queen of the world and the child of the skies.”





# MEMORIAL EXERCISES

*on the Occasion  
of the*

SEMI-CENTENNIAL  
ANNIVERSARY

*of the Assassination of*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

---

*Under the Auspices of:* GRAND ARMY  
OF THE REPUBLIC; SONS OF AMERICAN  
REVOLUTION; *and* DAUGHTERS OF AMER-  
ICAN REVOLUTION.

---

*In the*

FIRST Presbyterian Church, Spring-  
field, Illinois, *Fourteenth day of*  
*April*, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.

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SPRINGFIELD

*Printed for the Lincoln Centennial Association*

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Col. JOHN B. INMAN, late commander Department of Illinois Grand Army of the Republic.

Mrs. CORNELIUS J. DOYLE, Regent, Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

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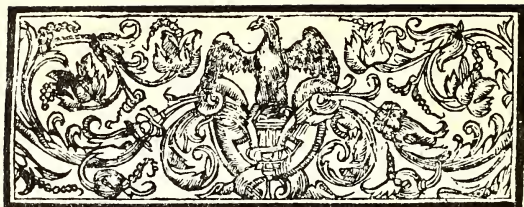
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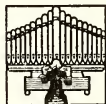
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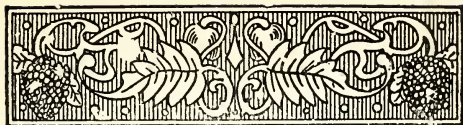
## THE ORGAN PRELUDE

*"Song of Sorrow" was rendered by*  
MISS ETHEL LYNN ROSS.



## "AMERICA"

*Was Sung by the Audience.*



# Invocation

*By The*

*Reverend Donald C. MacLeod*



Lord our God, we adore Thee as our King Eternal, immortal and invisible. Thou O God rulest in the kingdom of men and Thou givest the kingdom to whomso-

ever Thou willest. Thy will is pre-eminent among the hosts of Heaven and Thou rulest also among the inhabitants of the earth. Everything works according to the gracious purpose of Thy sovereign will. We pray Thee, O God, to make us subservient to Thy will; wilt Thou bring us into harmony with the spirit of Thy Son who has taught us to pray: "Thy kingdom

come, Thy will be done as in heaven so on earth". We bless Thee O God that while heaven is Thy throne, and the earth but Thy footstool, yet in Thy mysterious and gracious condescension, Thy delight is with the children of men. Thou lovest us with an everlasting love. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know when He shall appear we shall be like unto Him. We bless Thee, O God, for the honor which Thou hast conferred upon all men in calling us to be co-workers with Thyself; and especially do we praise Thee for Abraham, Moses, David and the immortals of all lands and all ages, whom Thou didst call into Conspicuous Service. We rejoice in the memory of George Washington and all the honored list of Statesmen, Patriots, Heroes and Martyrs who thus far with honor have guided our National Destiny. This evening we lift our hearts in Grati-

tude to Thee Supremely for Thy great favor to this Nation and the World in the gift of Abraham Lincoln. We praise Thee O God, for Thy preparation of his life through adversity; for his broadness and clearness of vision; for his lofty ideals; his unselfish patriotism; his unimpeachable integrity; his faith in God; his consecration to the great service committed to his leadership in Thy Providence. We thank Thee for the triumph of liberty; the preservation of the Union of the States; and the abiding integrity of the Government of the people, for the people and by the people. Remember graciously we pray Thee, the surviving members of The Grand Army of the Republic who offered their lives that the cause of which Abraham Lincoln was leader should triumph.

We recognize Thy goodness O God, in the establishment and preservation of Our Gov-

ernment and in all the great achievement that glorifies our history as a Nation. We beseech Thee to smile upon us in loving sympathy as we observe the semi-centennial of our great National Sorrow. Sanctify to the Nation the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

Grant that we shall again highly resolve, that our patriots shall not have died in vain, and (that our Martyred President shall not have died in vain), but that our nation under God shall experience again a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth. We pray Thee O God to let Thy blessing be upon our own nation to-day. Deliver us as a nation from strife, discord and selfishness, and keep us ever a united people. Make us worthy of the privileges and blessings of this great day of National Unity, prosperity and peace. Grant us with honor



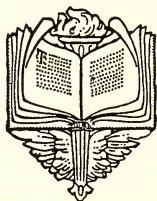
abiding peace with the whole family of Nations. Remember graciously our President; his Cabinet; our representatives, and all our State and National institutions. Let Thy richest blessing be upon the Governor of our State.

Help us as a people so to live that as a Nation Jehovah shall be our Lord; and we His people chosen for His peculiar inheritance.

We pray that all potentates, rulers, peoples and governments shall be brought speedily to recognize the sovereignty of Jehovah and the leadership of Jesus, to the end that all humanity shall be glad in the coming of the day of Universal and abiding peace. We present our prayer, in His name who has taught us to say:

(AUDIENCE IN UNISON)

“Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever, *Amen.*”





# *Colonel Charles F. Mills*

*Introducing*

## **The Temporary Chairman**



COMRADES and friends. The Committee on Arrangements for this occasion consists of the representatives of the Springfield Chapters of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution and Stephenson Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. These patriotic organizations, voicing the sentiment of the entire community, have heartily responded to the invitation to co-operate in rendering all possible honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln on this Fiftieth Anniversary of his assassination. A program, worthy of this occasion has been provided, and

the home of the Immortal Lincoln will this evening, add to the memory of our beloved townsman, a page of history, second to none on record, in expression of the high appreciation of his eminent service to this country and to the cause of the world-wide, human liberty. The Committee, on behalf of the organizations named, extend the fullest measure of thanks to the entire community for the hearty and cordial response to the invitation to make the most of this anniversary occasion, to honor the memory of the great emancipator, especial mention should be made in this connection, to the important service of His Excellency, Governor Edward F. Dunne; Judge J Otis Humphrey, President of the Lincoln Centennial Association; Hon. Hugh S. Magill, Jr.; Rev. Donald C. MacLeod, and the two eminent speakers: Bishop Samuel Fallows and Bishop William Fraser McDowell. The artists who

furnish the music and the members of the several committees who have made such liberal contribution of their time and talents in this connection are entitled to public recognition and will later receive resolutions expressive of the deep sense of the high appreciation of this entire community for their hearty co-operation.

It gives me the great pleasure to have the honor of presenting as the Temporary Chairman of this history-making occasion, one who has rendered a service second to none in perpetuating the memory of the eminent service of Abraham Lincoln. Ladies and gentlemen: The President of the Lincoln Centennial Association, Honorable J Otis Humphrey, has received the unanimous, cordial and hearty vote of the Committee of Arrangements as the

most fitting person to serve as your Temporary Chairman. It gives me great pleasure to present Judge Humphrey, the Temporary Chairman of this meeting.

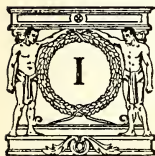




# Introductory Remarks

*By the Temporary Chairman*

Honorable J Otis Humphrey



IF A MAN die, shall he live again?" the inquiry of the ages. Has it not been clearly met and answered in the story of Lincoln? Infinitely more people know him today—know him intimately—know him as a personal presence—than ever knew him in life. From childhood to manhood; throughout the confines of the earth, more people are thinking, speaking and writing about Lincoln than any man in history. Most of us never knew him—that is, we never

saw him—but although we never saw him, he inspires us with a sort of spiritual comfort.

Fifty years ago tonight the national tragedy occurred. Here in his home town—the only home he ever had—we annually celebrate his birth. It is altogether fitting and appropriate that on this fiftieth anniversary we should memorialize his death. The first exercise of the evening will be the proclamation of the Governor, to be read by Mr. Magill.







# Proclamation of the Governor of Illinois

*As Read By Honorable*

Hugh S. Magill, Jr.



IN issuing the proclamation which I am about to read, Governor Dunne followed no precedent. Never before in the history of this State, has a Governor by official proclamation called all the people of the commonwealth to observe the anniversary of the death of any man. The Governor recognized that as Lincoln has no peer among American statesmen, so any act regarding him needs no precedent.

Lowell has said:

“Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man,  
Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote;  
For him her Old-World moulds aside  
she threw,  
And, choosing sweet-clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God,  
and true.”

And as the years have come and gone the personality of this great “hero new” stands out more clearly for our admiration.

And again the same poet has said:

“He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide.  
Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes;  
These all are gone, and, standing like  
a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame.  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the FIRST  
AMERICAN."

And the wise years have decided. The farther we recede from the days in which Lincoln lived, the larger appears his life and character and works in perspective.

## Proclamation

"Upon April 15, 1915 falls the semi-centennial of the death of Abraham Lincoln. The few years immediately preceding his untimely death were made the test of the Nation's life. With clear vision, patriotic devotion, intellectual integrity and a broad humanity he guided this Nation through the travail of Civil War. Fifty years have passed since he met a martyr's death but the spirit of Lincoln has prevailed and the passing of the years has witnessed the application of his great principle:

*"Malice toward none, charity to all"*

in our national life. We are now a united people, enjoying the blessing of continued peace

and prospering in the application of the deathless principles for which Lincoln lived and for which he gave his life.

“It would seem entirely fitting that a universal, solemn observance of this semi-centennial should be had, and especially so in his home state, Illinois.

“*Now, therefore*, I, EDWARD F. DUNNE, Governor of the State of Illinois, do urge upon the citizens of this State the solemn observance of this day in commemoration of the martyred dead.

“I direct that on this day the National flag be placed at half staff on all public buildings of the State, and urge that the day be fittingly observed in the public schools, to the end that the children of this generation may have the better brought to their minds the facts of our national history and implanted a deeper appreciation of their priceless heritage.

“*In testimony whereof*, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of State, this 27th day of March, A. D., 1915.

By the Governor,  
(SEAL) E. F. DUNNE.

LEWIS G. STEVENSON,  
Secretary of State.



# The Temporary Chairman

*Introducing*

## Governor Dunne



HE Governor, as an initial man, showed his thorough interest in this occasion for all the people of Illinois. He has shown us here in Springfield, a special courtesy by lending his presence to this memorial service and will act as the permanent presiding officer, Governor Dunne.



# Preliminary Remarks

*By Governor Edward F. Dunne*

*the Presiding Officer*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*



IT gives me great pleasure as a private citizen, and intense satisfaction as a public official, to participate with you tonight in commemorating the tragedy which occasioned the taking off of one of the greatest citizens of this republic, and absolutely the greatest of the sons of Illinois. It may be unprecedented to request the flying of flags at half staff, half a century after the death of the man whom that ceremonial is intended to honor. But the precedent was deserved by the charac-

ter of the man, and I am glad to say that that ceremonial is not confined to the State of Illinois, but that the President of the United States, recognizing the unique and extraordinary character of this man, has, by public proclamation, ordered on this same day that the national emblem, over all the public buildings of the United States, shall be floated at half mast.

Most historical characters are created during the life of the human being, in whose form the spirit is encased. Few historical characters grow after the death of the human being; but in the case of Lincoln, the historical character of the man as I have watched it from my boyhood, when I was first impressed with its magnitude, has continued to grow year by year, ever since his death. It is as though the man were still living and still growing in spirituality and in philanthropy. The character of Lincoln is like a colossal triumph of architecture.

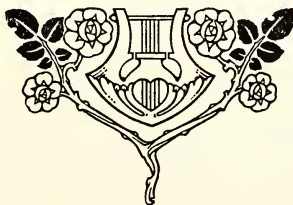
A man standing beside it, with his hand upon its base, as he looks upward is impressed with the immensity of that structure, but he must walk away from it and recede farther and farther from its base in order to drink in and appreciate the beauty and the symmetry, and the perfection of the architectural triumph. So it is with the character of Lincoln. As the years roll by and we recede from the day when he gave up his life as a patriot and a martyr; the character of this great humanitarian, this great patriot, this great martyr, looms up in history greater and grander and nobler.

Among the presidents of the United States, to my mind there were four that were colossal in character: Washington the ideal patriot; Jefferson the ideal statesman; Jackson the ideal citizen soldier; and Lincoln the ideal humanitarian—and not the least of these is Lincoln.

As I look over this programme, I note that



I am called upon to *preside*. I know what the duties of a presiding officer are. One of the first duties of a presiding officer is not to trespass upon the time of the speakers announced upon that programme. Without further words, let me thank this committee, for the dignity conferred, not only upon myself as man, but upon the Governor of this State, in placing me as that official in the position of presiding at a meeting called to honor the memory of the immortal Lincoln. I will now announce the next number upon the programme, which is a solo.





# Lincoln's Favorite Poem

*"Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud,"*

*Written in 1778 By Alexander Knox*

*Sung on This Occasion By*

**Mr. Lawrence L. Flynn**

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—  
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved:  
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;  
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,—  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in  
whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure-her triumphs are by,  
And the memory of those who loved her and  
praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up  
the steep,  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Has faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of  
heaven,  
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust,  
So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers  
would think,  
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers  
would shrink,  
To the life we are clinging, they also would  
cling--  
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the wing.  
They loved--but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned--but the heart of the haughty is  
cold;  
They grieved-- but no wail from their slumber  
will come;  
They enjoyed--but the tongue of their gladness  
is dumb.

They died--ay, they died--we things that are now,  
They walk on the turf that lies over their brow.  
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim-  
age road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sun shine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the  
dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.  
'Tis the wink of an eye--'tis the draught of a  
breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of  
death;  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the  
shroud:-  
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"



## The Presiding Officer

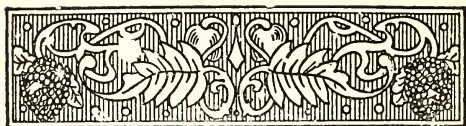
*Introducing*

*The Right Reverend Samuel Fallows*

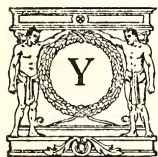
*Bishop of Reformed Episcopal Church  
Department Commander for Illinois of the  
Grand Army of the Republic.*



It is singularly appropriate that your committee should have selected for the first speaker on this evening's programme, one of the men who responded to the call of Abraham Lincoln when the country was in danger. A man who was then a fighting parson, who has since become Bishop of a great Church, and who in addition to being Bishop of that Church, is State Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic—our beloved and much respected fellow citizen—Bishop Samuel Fallows.



## Address of Bishop Fallows



OUR Excellency, comrades and friends; perhaps just a personal word may not be out of place before I say the few words I have to say on this very important occasion. My first vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States and when the first call for three months men was made by him, which came to the State of Wisconsin, of which I was then a resident, as it came to the other loyal states of the Union, I tendered my services to the Governor of that state, to go to the front. It is true that none of the men who responded to that call expected to serve one day longer than the three months

for which they were called out, although I do not think that in my subconsciousness the thought played any particular part in my patriotic impulse. And then the one passionate desire of my life was to see Abraham Lincoln face to face. And later on, when in the actual command of men I went out with my last regiment, not knowing whither I was going, not a man knew where he was going, the orders coming—"do not open these sealed orders until you reach a certain point in your ongoing"—I expected to go to the Army of the Potomac and thought perhaps I would have the opportunity of gratifying this desire of my life. That was denied me, and so to the West I had to go with the Army of the Tennessee.

Fifty years ago today, I shall never forget. I was in command of Missouri, with headquarters at Rolla, on the site where now stands its splendid School of Mines. Unconditional

Surrender Grant had crowned at Appomattox what Belmont began. Soldiers and civilians were filling the air with rejoicings. Blessed peace had come. The largest hall had been gaily decorated for the festive gathering to be held that night. Banqueting, songs, martial music and toasts formed the programme of the glad occasion. In my office I was sitting, studying some details for the gathering not yet completed, with my ever faithful telegrapher by my side. The instrument was ticking some interesting but unimportant news, when suddenly there burst from his lips an exclamation of dismay. The tragedy of the ages was flashed over the wire. Our "Great Heart" who had rescued the nation from the clutches of Giant Despair and removed it forever from the precincts of Doubting Castle, while on the top of the delectable mountains, in full view of the celestial city of that nation's future, was strick-



en down by the assassin's bullet. A horror of great darkness fell upon us all. It shrouded our country and the civilized world, and the joy of the earth was changed into mourning. Never shall I forget, never will you forget—either at home or in the front—the hot indignation which surged in our hearts. Never will the North and the South forget that indignant feeling, for both alike had lost their dearest friend. And through God's overruling providence—Glory be His name—by his death they were not divided but united as never before.

As the years go by the greatness of Lincoln grows in the judgment of mankind. It is a wonderful thing, with all the multiplied lenses of criticism focused upon his character and deeds, it has yet failed to discover any essential defects in them. Perfectly human—never for a moment posing as a saint, he yet displayed every attribute of a full, rounded humanity,

and the virtues which have won canonization by the true heroes of the church.

Well did General Miles say of him the other day:

“Abraham Lincoln was a better rounded man than any other that ever walked the earth—better rounded in goodness, in benevolence, in purity, and in wisdom a giant in body, mind and soul.”

The pulse of the common people was in every heart beat. He dignified and glorified the aristocracy of labor and was the architect of his own fortune. He hewed his way to distinction and power as he hewed his way through the primitive woods and wilds of his earlier years. He made simplicity of speech sublime. His humor was both a mask and a revelator. He often concealed by it his agony of soul, and yet illuminated with wonderful effect, the subject he was discussing. His honesty was a flawless diamond. His devotion to

duty was proverbial. He put the ring of pure gold into the sentiment that "a public office is a public trust." He gave the best of his thought and exalted position to lift up the lowliest in the Republic. He held with a grip of steel to the oneness of the country and converted or compacted the warring sections of the country at last into an indivisible and all powerful nation, and he changed as no other man ever did, foes into friends and friends into lovers.

We have just heard the beautiful sentiment given us by a preceding speaker from our own poet regarding Lincoln. Lowell called him the "New birth of our soil—the First American". And yet we still say of Washington as was said of him in his day, "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

"Do you love your father best or your mother best" was asked ungrammatically of a

small boy, and he replied just as much ungrammatically, "I love both best".

And though Ingersoll has said that "Washington was the steel engraving and Lincoln a living creature of flesh and blood", it is really the remoteness of time in the one case and the nearness of time in the other that justifies the utterance. Both Washington and Lincoln are our first Americans. They will shine forever as twin stars of the first magnitude in our political firmament, for no disassociation is ever possible. To both we owe the liberty we enjoy today in our unhyphenated and inseparable, inter-racial Americanism. Liberty of all thought; liberty of all speech; liberty of all doing within the bounds of eternal right is the liberty for which the Father of his country and the Savior of his country contended. For this liberty our starry flag stands pledged in every thread of

its Union fiber. It is this liberty which is to enlighten the world, and its clear, heaven lit flame reveals the American brain the grandest to conceive; the American heart the largest to embrace; and the American hand the strongest to execute the benign decrees of the Sovereign Power of earth and heaven.

Neither Washington nor Lincoln was an atheist or an infidel. Both were men of faith—faith in God and faith in man. Both were men of prayer, for both fought the battles of the Republic on their knees; and no one more knew the beauty of thought and style in that English Bible than Mr. Lincoln, and no one better knew how to use them in his speeches and messages than he.

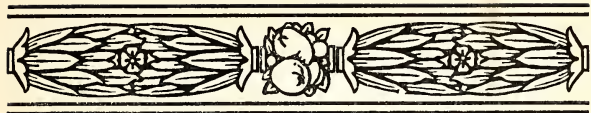
Beloved friends, it was the God of Washington who gave our radiant ensign to the breeze by the gallant revolutionary heroes under that first great Commander. It was

the God of Lincoln who kept that flag flying in heaven—let us hope for all time—by the brave boys in blue and the brave blacks in blue, under our second, peerless Commander in Chief, whose martyrdom we hold in memory tonight. “The meanest rill and mightiest river go rolling on—his praise forever”; and at the head of the grand procession of earth’s greatest ones is he

“Whom we build our love round  
As an arch of triumph  
As they pass us on the way  
To glory and to immortality.”

God bless his sacred memory.





# “O Captain! My Captain”

*Walt Whitman's Commemoration Ode on  
Lincoln's Death*

*Sung on this Occasion by*

**Mrs. Helen Brown Read**

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack,  
the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear,  
the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel,  
the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells,  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—  
for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—  
for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass,  
their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

    This arm beneath your head;

        it is some dream that on the deck

        You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

    My father does not feel my arm,

        he has no pulse nor will,

    The ship is anchor'd safe and sound,

        its voyage closed and done,

    From fearful trip the victor ship

        comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

    But I with mournful tread,

        Walk the deck my Captain lies,

        Fallen cold and dead.







# The Presiding Officer

*Introducing*

**William Fraser McDowell, L. L. D.**

*Bishop, Methodist Episcopal Church*



WE are indeed fortunate in having with us tonight as the next speaker, that brilliant pulpit orator—Bishop McDowell, who will now address you.





## Address *of* Bishop McDowell



OUR Excellency and very Dear Friends: All my life I have been wishing that in some way or other I might make up to the memory of Abraham Lincoln for the names I heard him called in my infancy and boyhood, by my close friends, neighbors and relatives. For I was born in a community where the gentlest name by which he was spoken of or referred to was "Black Abe". I therefore take every opportunity that I can to atone to his memory for those things for which I was in no way responsible.

I count it not altogether without significance that I am honored by this invitation to

participate in this observance. Fifty years ago when the great President was buried, the most eloquent man who was ever in the Episcopacy of the Methodist Church, Matthew Simpson, spoke the funeral oration in this city. I would I might do something besides simply stand in that honored succession, but we have long since despaired of equalling Simpson's eloquence.

What memories are stirred tonight! Old men here recall with a clutch at their throats, with a sob in their hearts, and with a strange question, whether after all it is true, their sensations even across fifty years. I was a little boy, seven years old, when my father walked into our house on that long ago evening and said: "Lincoln has been assassinated", and threw himself down, unfriendly as he had been to Mr. Lincoln and to the war, threw himself down and sobbed, saying to my mother and my

brothers and myself: "I wish I could recall the things I have said and the things I have thought".

What memories we have tonight; what pride; what a sense of strength; what a sense of honor. It was said that after William of Orange died, the little children wept in the streets. When Lincoln died, the world wept in the streets and was not ashamed.

Now we are not at a funeral tonight; we are rather at a kind of coronation; and not at a local coronation, but at a coronation in which the whole world shares. And we are not here precisely for eulogy, for eulogizing Lincoln is like gilding refined gold or painting lilies. We are not here precisely for the recital of the facts of his life, for in Illinois we know the story of his life. And we are not here exactly for an analysis of his character, because his character has been analyzed so often that it is now

perfectly evident that no analysis of it is perfect. Why then are we here? We are here not precisely for his sake, not chiefly for his sake, not that he needs any additional words or honors from us. We are here for our sakes; here for the sake of the commonwealth; here for the sake of the world; here first of all to refresh ourselves by sitting again in his presence; here to tune up our own lives by listening again to the perfect tone of his; here to tone up our own wisdom and faith and courage and hope which always tend to sag unless they are refreshed and toned up by contact with these immortal souls whom we cannot let die. We are here also to remember the tasks to which he gave his life and to reconsecrate ourselves to the fulfillment and full performance of those tasks.

Now in his presence we renew our confidence; make a new declaration of faith; say

over again our creed and declare our belief in the true and genuine American spirit of which he was the highest example our eyes have seen. He was a genuine American product. No other nation, your Excellency, has quite done anything like this. That makes us proud. It makes us humble that we have only done it once.

What is that true Americanism that we think of tonight as we recall Lincoln. Well, first of all it is a thing of ideals and principles rather than a thing of conditions. And we need always to say that true Americanism was not wealth, nor was it poverty. For the American spirit will not glorify either, but will only glorify character.

Mr. Lincoln himself was born of parents so poor that he was all they could give to the world. He was born of parents so poor that life was all they could give him, and in the face

of these two facts we get new light upon an old word, that "a good name is still better than great riches".

Mr. Lincoln I think was blest with rather abundant poverty. He had plenty of it. Mr. Washington is reputed to have been blest with comparative comfort measured by the standards even of his own time. And we do not ask precisely what Mr. Washington was worth, nor do we ask very carefully what Mr. Lincoln was worth. If we did, we would reply in the language of John Ruskin, "They were both of them worth having", and we would let it go at that. Both had loyalty. One of them had money and the other had not, but both had loyalty, both had devotion, both would endure hardships, both were trained for their great tasks and both had the kind of character that is still the perfect achievement as it is still the perfect strength of American life.

I think that America is likely to be rich enough. I do not mean that I am likely to be rich enough, though maybe that is true. Perhaps a little riches is all I could stand. It is more than most people can stand. I think America is likely to be smart enough. Education seems fairly likely to become pretty universal. If America breaks at all, it is not likely to break either at the point of wealth or at the point of education. We are likely to be rich enough and likely to be smart enough. If America breaks it will break at the point of character, and America's strength is in these tall souls like Abraham Lincoln, whose memory we not only glorify tonight, but in whose memory we refresh and strengthen ourselves.

For there are things without which we cannot live. We cannot live without faith. We cannot live without integrity. We cannot live without liberty. We cannot live without law.



We cannot live without human kindness. We cannot live without justice. We can live without a thousand things but we cannot live without the things of the spirit. Nor does that American spirit consist in devotion to class or to race, but in perfect devotion to humanity. It is said that Washington was somewhat inclined to be an aristocrat, and if one were speaking generously he would say that Mr. Lincoln was altogether a democrat. There are those who would say that Mr. Lincoln was a plebeian democrat at that. It is a part of the glory of our history that each of them believed in the humanity of humanity, and in the nobility of humanity, and did not ask about the color of a man's skin, but only about the color of his blood.

In the presence of Abraham Lincoln's memory, we cannot refrain from standing up and saying that race hatred and race prejudices

have no place whatever in the Republic. And by race hatred and race prejudice I mean race hatred that manifests itself against those races that are native and those races that are imported.

So this American spirit is characterized by the finest kind of unity. If you ask me the outstanding fact as it seems to me, about Mr. Lincoln, I would tell you, though perhaps this will seem strange to you, that it seems to me that the outstanding fact is that he was all of one piece; that his character was all of one piece; that it was like that seamless robe that another wore long ago, of whom you cannot help thinking all the time you are thinking of Lincoln. So many experiences they had in common. It didn't matter much where you struck him, or how you struck him, or when you struck him, you always got the same tone. His speeches were matched by his practices.

He was honest in trade, honest in speech, honest in thinking. And that is one of the very finest things you can say about a man in public or private life, that he thinks straight, that he speaks straight, and that he trades straight.

He was utterly unlike that ancient moralist who advised his students to walk carefully the narrow path between right and wrong. Was the thing right? Then, as God lives, it must be stood by, was Mr. Lincoln's attitude. In those older days it was not always thought politic to say the thing that was right. I believe we have come upon the days now when it is politic to say nothing else. But in those older days when they told him the thing was not politic, he said, "it is right and because it is right it will be said".

His life was all of one piece. One of the most interesting biographical studies could be

made of the unity of his life, considering it simply from the first of it to the last of it. Take, for example, the time when floating down the Mississippi, he saw the slave girl sold, and turned aside and said, "Great God, if I ever get a chance to hit that thing I will hit it hard". Then he came into the great debates and reached back across the years to the utterances of that serenest soul that has ever been on our planet, and picked that word out of what He had said, "A house divided against itself shall not stand". Then one later time when he set free those who were in bondage, he had proved the unity of the life that stretched through the years. It was all of one piece.

And that I think is worth saying just now; saying to the youth of America—there is not one conscience for private life and another conscience for political life; one conscience for individual life and another conscience for

corporate life. We need to say, over and over again, that there is but one conscience in all American life, and that is the conscience, that whatever is right is right, because right is right, and it is so, clear up and down through personal, corporate and political life. This unity was in his speech. Where did he get that power, that marvelous power to say marvelous things? You cannot explain it by reciting the books he read. You cannot explain it by recalling how he listened to those country store and circuit court discussions when men spoke frankly and simply and directly. You cannot explain it at all until you have come back to the fact that back of the speech was the character. The unity between what he was and what he said is the fundamental thing. In the matter of his speech there are two remarkable features and one was his silence in this talking world. For it is the temptation of

one who can speak as well as Mr. Lincoln spoke, to talk more than he talked. But it is also one of the wonderful things, out of all that, that when he lay down and sadly died, we did not have to pull one barbed word out of the hearts of those from whom in four years he had differed. He was as remarkable in what he omitted to say and refrained from saying, as in what he did say. But the unity of it all was the unity of his marvelous character. His speech in troubled times was as remarkable as his silence in troubled times. George William Curtis says, we have had three great speeches in American history—the speech of Patrick Henry, the speech of Wendell Phillips at Faneuil Hall, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech. I think there were four. I think the second inaugural address constitutes a fourth speech worthy of classification with those. Compared with Gladstone, who was

born in the same year, born to distinction as the sparks fly upward, born to be chief speaker in an empire over a long life, he, Lincoln, has left a larger number of immortal sayings than the great commoner has bequeathed to his people. He has given indeed a new meaning to the very important term, "the principal address", a rather embarrassing meaning, for at Gettysburg, after Everett had spoken many thousands of words, eloquent words, wonderful words, Lincoln spoke less than three hundred and gave a new meaning to the words, "the principal address". One could wish that it might be more universally followed.

Now behind all of this is the unity of his life. It was all of one piece. The integrity of his speech rooted itself in the integrity of his character. The simplicity and straightforwardness of his speech rooted themselves in the simplicity and straightforwardness of his

character. The uplift of it, the nobility of it, the white light of it all rooted themselves in the simplicity and unity and integrity of his character.

The basis of his life I believe was earnestness and sincerity and liberty. I would not like to say anything extravagant here or elsewhere, but certain great words have come out of literature and then have come back into life. That is their glory. Their glory is not that they are applied to one and can be applied to no other. Their glory is that they came out of living; their greater glory that they can be more largely applied. But you cannot think tonight of Abraham Lincoln without thinking of those older words, "That he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"; "that we hid, as it were, our faces from him".

My friends, I was told, at the Centennial of his birth, that on an afternoon fifty years ago



tomorrow, a little chap was out with his father in a certain Ohio county, when a neighbor rode up where they were working and called out the news that the President was dead. The boy, supposing from all he had heard that this was a good thing, cried out "Bully for Cox". That is what he had been taught to say. But this time when he said it his father dragged him off the wagon and licked him almost within an inch of his life, as he told me at that celebration. Long afterward, the boy said, "father, what did you lick me like that for"? and the old man said, "Well, Jack, the truth was this: It was a cowardly thing to do and I ought to have a licking now myself on account of it, but the truth was and is, that I was doing my best to give myself a licking for having created the impression upon your mind that that was the thing to say when Abraham Lincoln died". "We hid, as it were, our faces

from him." "He trod the winepress alone." "The chastisement of peace was upon him". "The common people heard him gladly". "He saved others, himself he could not save".

In his presence we sit tonight. Yonder in St. Paul's in London is one of the most imposing statues in all foreign lands. It is the figure of old England with young England at her knee, telling young England the story of Chinese Gordon, "who gave his purse to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his strength to the weak and his heart to God". Some day somebody will make the right piece of statuary and it will be the figure of the Republic, old perhaps, telling young America the story of Abraham Lincoln, that young America may be moved by this supreme story.

We sit here, not simply in his own presence, but in the presence of his work. He saved the Union from disruption. I think that we are

now pledged to say something else about it. That was the immediate thing, the saving of the Nation from disruption. But, it is the fate of big things to grow bigger as the years go on, and the things that have genuine meaning, have even larger meaning. So I think we are pledged to say that he saved the Union for a larger place in the world. Why was the Union saved? It doth not yet appear. It partly appears but it doth not yet appear. It partly appeared when John Hay, Lincoln's secretary, secured the open door for China. It partly appeared when Theodore Roosevelt brought Russia and Japan together in peace. It may yet appear, please God it may, when Woodrow Wilson will lay his cool, steady hand upon the fevered pulse of the world at war, and call it back to peace.

A divided America not only cannot stand, but a divided America cannot do its big work

in the world. A commercialized, brutalized America cannot do it. Only a spiritualized America such as that for which Abraham Lincoln gave his life, can do it. Our place in the world has yet to be proved. It is said, you know, that the United States, with one or two others representing the Anglo Saxons—though it is usually said, representing the Angry Saxons—if united could whip the world. But what do we want to unite to whip the world for? We could unite to lead the world in peace and freedom.

I have had some good experiences in my life and I am now thinking of one that happened four years ago. I was speaking in the City of Calcutta—two nights in succession—to the students of the University of Calcutta. I was speaking on Christianity, not upon anything else. And at the close of the second address, two or three hundred of those native sons of

Bengal gathered about me in conversation. One of them, speaking for all the others, said: "When will you speak to us again"? and I expressed my sorrow that I must leave the city next morning and probably would never speak to them again. Then this one speaking for all the others said: "Stay longer and speak many times to us". Now listen, "Tell us about George Washington and Abraham Lincoln".

Now think of standing facing 300 of those sons of India, Bengal men. No word of Washington had been spoken, no mention of Abraham Lincoln had been made. Not a white face was in front of you. Only those native sons on the other side of the globe stood there, and up out of that group came these words: "Tell us about George Washington and Abraham Lincoln".

"What did it mean? It meant that somehow or other those names had gone around the

world and got into their consciousness as somehow related to the good of humanity and the freedom of the world, and they wanted me to tell about them.

Ladies and gentlemen, we will tell the world about George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, in the interest of that larger freedom, that will come one of these days, when that old word is fulfilled—"I am tired of kings, I will suffer them no more".

He not only saved the Union for this larger purpose, but he freed the slaves. Never lose sight of that. I know perfectly well how it is said that he did not care about the freedom of the slave. I know how false that is. I know that he knew, when he set out to save the Union that he could not save the union at last, without bringing freedom. And I know how it is said that the negro is not so well off under freedom as he was under slavery. And I know

about the new slavery into which we have come. May God forgive us, if he can, ladies and gentlemen,—and this I must say, because I have been at Abraham Lincoln's tomb,—for forgetting that no nation is as well off in slavery as in freedom.

Pardon me for speaking so long, dear friends, but remember that I am always trying to make up for those words I heard in my infancy. Then you will understand something of the earnestness with which I call to you, to unite to carry his work to perfection. To make a new Republic in which all men shall live and have a fair chance; a Republic in which no one shall be a tyrant and no one shall be a slave; a Republic in which poverty will be full of hope and wealth will be full of help; a Republic in which the color of the skin shall not confuse us as to the color of the blood; not a white man's land or a black man's land, but all

men's home; a Republic in which there is always a new birth of freedom and humanity; a Republic that is true to the son of Kentucky, the son of Indiana and the son of Illinois, grown large; a Republic true in character and achievement to Abraham Lincoln; our Abraham, "friend of God" like the old Abraham; citizen of the world, liberator of a race, savior of the Nation, the tallest white angel of a thousand years.







# “Illinois”

*Sung By*

Mrs. Grace Partridge

*With the Audience Responding*

By thy rivers gently flowing,  
Illinois, Illinois.

O'er thy prairies verdant growing,  
Illinois, Illinois.

Comes an echo on the breeze,  
Rustling through the leafy trees,  
And its mellow tones are these,  
Illinois, Illinois.

And its mellow tones are these,  
Illinois.

From a wilderness of prairies,  
Illinois, Illinois.

Straight thy way and never varies,  
Illinois, Illinois.

Till upon the inland sea,  
Stands thy great commercial tree,  
Turning all the world to thee,  
    Illinois, Illinois.

Turning all the world to thee,  
    Illinois.

When you heard your country calling,  
    Illinois, Illinois.

When the shot and shell were falling,  
    Illinois, Illinois.

When the "Southern Host" withdrew,  
Pitting Gray against the Blue,  
There were none more brave than you,  
    Illinois, Illinois.

There were none more brave than you,  
    Illinois.

Not without thy wond'rous story,  
    Illinois, Illinois.

Could be writ the nation's glory,  
    Illinois, Illinois.

On the record of the years,  
Ab'ram Lincoln's name appears,  
Grant and Logan and our tears,  
    Illinois, Illinois.

Grant and Logan and our tears,  
    Illinois.



# Benediction

*By The*

*Reverend Frank Waller Allen*

*Pastor First Christian Church*



AND now may the peace, mercy and love of God our Father, and the leadership and brotherliness of Jesus our Savior, and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, abide with you one and all, both now and forevermore. Amen.



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